

Power Fragmentation Collage

The Time Gallery.

I spend 150 years or so walking through a gallery of time and the mind's perception of time.
It is an open air gallery wherein
this room leads to that
and that room leads to this
and both ends lead to the inside of outside
and the outside of inside.

I am the sort of being who observes each frozen fragment of time, each melting moment,
each blur of ongoing. I am in the action doing and I am outside looking in.

There was a time which was perhaps once and perhaps upon and maybe it was 1976 or
1977. The memory gets a little vague sometimes. I was walking around in North London
trying to understand the nervous breakdown I was having. Everything seemed dreamlike. I
walked over Parliament Hill Fields on a blazing sunny afternoon. People were out enjoying
the sun with their families. Some were flying kites.

There was a woman walking across Parliament Hill and she was completely covered in a
black shroud. Everyone else was in shorts and t-shirts and swimming costumes and other
loose, light, thin clothing which enabled the sun to get at their bodies and tan them as much
as possible.

I was thinking "redding sun tan equals understanding" and other nonsense like that from the
Emin's mad teaching that "anagrams mean something".

It would be several years before I came up with the brilliantly wrong idea that anagrams were
an example of the object orientated psyche attempting to express itself through unconscious
language manipulation at a culturally collective level of process. A linguistic equivalent of the
archetypes which appear in dreams and folk tales. My brilliantly wrong idea would be that
the speakers of a language such as English are collectively and unconsciously arranging the
spelling of words so that the ID can secretly communicate with the EGO. Like schoolkids
playing spies with code rings and code books. Sword in the stone becomes "words in the
notes" and "red, white and blue" becomes "and we three build" or "we three build DNA".
"Dear Dragon" becomes "Garden Road". Presumably so many people had been led up the
garden path that the path had widened into a road. ID and EGO. I GOED.

Anyway, I was thinking these kind of thoughts about anagrams and hidden meanings in
things. That's the sort of stuff I had been brainwashed with in Emin meetings. Then I noticed
that strange woman walking across Parliament Hill with her black, black shroud wrapping her
from head to foot. I had never seen or heard of a burqa in those days. Looking back from a
vantage point later in my timeline I can identify the type of clothing as an Haredi burqa.

Curiosity aroused, I began to keep step with her, watching to see what she was up to. I was about a hundred metres away from her. I was amongst the trees on the hill, looking downhill towards Highgate Road. She was walking northwards and I was slowly moving between the trees, observing. The reason for my interest was because the Emin "Ushers" or "Guides" or teachers who led the group meetings had told us that the Emin had been investigated by some other group called "The Haverstock Hill Witches' Society". I didn't know what the alleged "witches' society" was supposed to be a reference to but I believed that it must be some real group which actually existed. That was the nature of the brainwashing I had undergone. I believed everything they told me because they had told me to believe. It was as simple as that.

So I believed that there really was a "Haverstock Hill Witches' Society" and my young, foolish and hypnotised brain imagined that this woman in black might be one of them. As I kept pace with her from my distant vantage point, looking only in brief glances from the corner of my eye, thinking myself to be subtle and unnoticed, she suddenly stopped, turned in my direction, outstretched her right arm in my direction with a pointing finger, made a high pitched ululation sound which resonated over the whole hill area and cried out "This one is following me!!!"

I was stunned and shocked at finding my covert surveillance thus discovered. How on Earth had she noticed me from that distance? I instantly and instinctively responded by turning to face her and shuffling sideways like a crab with both of my hands raised in hippy-style peace signs. I was grinning in Morecambe and Wise show business style idiocy. The woman in black threw back her head and laughed at my ridiculous antics. My natural instinctive jester archetype had manifested to successfully defuse the moment of tension.

I continued on in my Parliament Hill wanderings, careful to steer well away from the woman in black. Walking down a little trackway and rounding a corner by some bushes I saw a woman in a white bikini stretching out on the ground, relaxing and getting a tan on a blanket under a tree. I walked past thinking that there was some deep symbolism in the apparent opposition of one woman completely covered up in a black shroud and then, a few minutes later, a woman near naked in a white bikini. I was very conscious that waking reality was behaving like dream symbolism and it deeply puzzled me.

When people in ancient times moved around the country they followed the ways that the land would permit them to follow. Their tramping feet and their wagon wheels deepened the tracks. This is what I mean about the relationship between the people and the Earth. The shapes of the land have formed along shapes of force when the Earth was young and molten. Then a few million years of shifting tectonic plates began to further form the shape of the land. Movements of people and animals have followed that and added to it. Mere areas of land become Places. A place is more than a mere area. A place has an identity and meaning to the people who go there and learn from it. I move on and look at another fragment of my past.

FRAGMENT:

Ten years later, in the 1980s, my old room at 7a The High Street, Glastonbury, the room at the back, not the room which I transferred to at the front, the one at the back next to Robert

Coon's had a window which looked out on the courtyard of The Glastonbury Tribunal. These days the Tribunal has a small museum of artefacts from the Lake Village. I move back some many centuries.

FRAGMENT:

The Sweet Track made it possible for people in ancient times to move about more easily on the wetlands.

As the Celtic tribespeople move across the wetland I travel on round all of four dimensional Avalon.

FRAGMENT:

Sometimes the idle idiot wandering the world becomes perpetually the spectator of the procession of symbols.

The idleness is a space into which knowledge, understanding, appreciation of things can come. Wandering up Magdalene Street, down Benedict Street, around Bere Lane and Wellhouse Lane, the blank slate of my mind hoping for inspiration.

The lingering sense of shock following on in the life of a previously brainwashed person. A Flâneur without the self-confidence of his apparent type. Charles Baudelaire re-interpreted by an idiot. Perhaps I was taken over by the disembodied spirit of Samuel Taylor Coleridge or of that special view of reality seen through the eyes of every romantic poet. The familiar made strange and a well known city transformed into the archetypal Strange Town. This is the experience of the truly Freudian sense of the word "Uncanny".

I sit beside the fire, seeing shapes of stories in the flames.

I stand upon the hill, seeing figures heroic and comical in the clouds.

My head drifts away.

My body sits. My body stands. My body lies supine.

Cartographers from hell take hold of me, roughly pinning me down and stripping me to flesh and bones.

My bones reside in the same nether-space as all bones. The bones of William the Conqueror ground up into dust along with the bones of Henry the Eighth and my bones too in a bone dust mixture. Norman, Tudor, and me. Levels of archaeology within my physical, emotional, mental structure.

The demonic cartographers roll my flesh out flat like linoleum, like a carpet, a projection of my carnal topography stretched into a parchment like covering of the Earth. Upon my thus splayed flesh they begin to draw coloured designs. I am divided into regions resembling a map of the Holy Roman Empire in 1789.

My sex organs are cunningly twisted into a representation of the Goddess Aphrodite. My spinal nerves are extracted and pinned up upon poles spaced at distances across the land like telegraphs. Each telegraph pole is labelled for Ares, the God of War. My intestines are unwound and woven into a cat's cradle marked "Hephaestus-Vulcan-Wayland". Thus is the love triangle of the attractive, the combative and the constructive depicted in visceral sculpture.

My heart and emotions are similarly deconstructed and reconstructed. Areas of my heart's desire or my fears and horrors are broken down to dust, the dust made into bricks and the bricks made use of in the construction of roads and buildings forming a new landscape of human anatomy united with the Earth. Fascists march past screaming insanely about "blood and soil". The fiction of the countryside built upon the lie of the land. At the true heart of all hearts is the void of space and the tundra-jungle of wilderness. All of this chaos made manifest spawns creatures of instinct and light. Photoid beings posing as archetypes in an impossible Tarot of spinning silver spider webs in golden rays of sunlight. Henry the Eighth sends his men out to pull down that which William the First began. The monasteries are over and a new age begun.

Tourist bus loads of worshipful Catholics and C. of E. arrive at Glastonbury each year to view the ruins of the Abbey and climb the pagan Tor. To look out from the summit of the Tor far and away across the Somerset Levels, reclaimed from the sea and made into fertile agricultural land.

My brain is unwound by the same cartographical demons who have beset my poor body and emotions. Every last bit of the biological analogue computer is removed from my head (they had to catch it first! They used a butterfly net!) and spread out in separated items like the findings of an archaeological dig.

The demons begin to label each piece as though they actually cared about reconstructing the brain as it was before. They have paint brushes with which they paint lines of connection between the neurons. Some synapses are painted in a wilder way, flicked and splashed around after the method of the action painting style.

When people talked of "ley lines" in the Glastonbury of the 1970s it was of a concept of the planet Earth encircled by lines of force, connected "somehow" to the Earth's electro-magnetic field but discovered in the landscape. And these lines were first said to be straight like the roads of the Romans and then said to be "straightest" lines, meaning geodesics which appear straight at the scale of human perception but which follow around the curvature of the planet. More recently the supposed straightness of these lines has been questioned by Alby Stone and others.

Why should these lines be so straight? Surely they follow the shape of the land? Surely they have a relationship with the shape of the land? The earth following the magnetic line and the magnetic line following the earth. The lives of human communities following both the visible and the invisible track across the landscape.

At nineteen in 1972 I was wandering the land around Glastonbury in the guise of Wiz Wayland Smith and I was empty and foolish and not at all wise. Jim Baggins gave me the nickname "Wiz". My childhood nickname was "spastic" because I don't like sport.

At thirty two in 1985 I was there again, wandering and wondering and trying to figure out what the world was all about. I had been doing this same pathetic thing for so many years. Standing on hilltops or by the side of a road, staring into space and frowning. Trying to make sense of everything in the world. Dizzy with emptiness and treating reality as a gallery of suggested meanings. Speculation upon speculation upon speculation.

Of course there aren't really any zodiacs in the earth! Why should there be? For there are no zodiacs in the sky either. All of astrology is Salvador Dali's "Paranoid Critical Method" applied to the stars and of the terrestrial zodiac study is the phenomenology of psychogeography.

The electro-magnetic field of the Planet Earth is real of course. And becomes visible near the pole when the lines shoot straight up in the air and are named The Northern Lights. Fun fact: Elvis Presley's surname is derived from Anglo-Saxon words meaning "Priest" and "Clearing" respectively. The combination of "pres" and "ley" suggests a clearing in the forest set aside for priestly work.

All of European history is part of the Roman Empire's desperate struggle to continue existing in different forms. First by persecuting the Christians. Then by becoming the Christians. Then by imposing the will of Rome once again across all European nations in the form of the blood and the body of Christ. From Caesar to Pope. The Holy Father who represented on earth the Heavenly Father. Passing the word of ONENESS down the line from God to Pope to cardinals and bishops and down to the common people under the watchful eye of all controlling and taxing Rome. The same old Rome of conquest and taxation. They even used the text about the "Beast 666" in spite of the fact that the beast was originally intended as a satire on Rome itself who demands that no-one shall buy or sell without the number of the beast being placed upon them. Straight roads and auditing. William the First's Domesday Book. Counts appointed to count the counties. Funds raised or your farm razed. The most famous Count of all depicted meaningfully as a bloodsucker.

The beast was not "666" in the original. The Empire didn't use Arabic numerals. The beast was six hundred, three score and six and would be written as DCLXVI.

Esoterically or Gnostically or Codedly hidden, the message is the first six Roman numerals written backwards. It says "Rome is going DOWN" but Rome replies "Oh no it isn't!" and makes use of the Christian codex to re-create itself. Reversal happens and the happy Christians become the top dogs, the sad pagans become the persecuted witches. Good News! From someone's perspective perhaps.

All across the newly HOLY Roman Empire the castles were built, the villagers herded like lambs to Mass. The intelligencia hid their knowledge in Latin. Doctors, Lawyers, even Alchemists using the language of Rome to show their allegiance to the principle of ONENESS. One ring to rule them all and in the darkness bind them. And, all the while, beneath the surface of the holy realm of Christendom festered the resentment of Rome's

dictates. In the grass roots. In the folklore. With the Imps and the Fairies and the Goblins and Leprechauns and Banshee and dragons and sea monsters.

Rome made saints of dragon slayers or of serpent bane Patrick and other anti-pagans. William the First was Rome's man who threw the Moslems out of Sicily and imposed the Doomsday upon the Saxons. It was an age of (heroes?)

Currents of bi-valent energy surged across the psychogeography of Europe. Superstition was to be eradicated but wait, superstition could be useful. To eradicate or not to eradicate? In the zeitgeist of mixed feelings Europe continued to be the land of witches and mountebanks, hucksters and spellbinders, priests, scientists, investigators, witchfinders, philosophers, explorers, mathematicians, astronomers, kings, queens, princes, princesses, blacksmiths, forest woodcutters, herbalists, hunters, fishermen, soldiers, sailors, reformers, inquisitors, hermits, storytellers, outlaws, wolves, bears, golden-headed children, jolly farmers, labourers, flour mills, gold and diamond merchants, mesmerists, owls, ravens, little cottages, castles, dungeons, edicts from Rome, fairies, demons, angels, magic water fountains, wise people, foolish people, jesters, jugglers, swordsmen, actors, dancers, sycophants, monks, nuns, mountains, lonely goatherds, choirs, stories of the east, dreams of a land on the moon, behind the sun, through the gate to fairy land.

Great thinkers emerged, often to the consternation of Rome. Swedenborg and Hegel pondered the influence of the soul in history. How did the Holy Spirit manifest? Only through the blessings of the Pope? No, for it was accepted by Rome that there could be saints chosen by God from the most unexpected places, the most unexpected people. So how did God move the common folk? Philosophers and intellectuals naturally imagined that God would speak to them through the placing of ideas in their brains. And so the old idea of Dialectic re-emerged. Thesis versus Anti-Thesis, leading to eventual Synthesis. Rome would grudgingly admit to some of these ideas after they had thoroughly persecuted those who had originally thought of them.

The world was flat, flat, flat, flat, flat.

Until one day it was round.

And then it was round, round, round, round, round.

From out of the expanded Roman Empire his Holiness the Pope smiled upon the discovery of the Americas and the Roman Empire, through the Catholic rulers of Spain and Portugal and France became the empire of the GLOBE! The Inquisition was able to bring its divine inspired torture to the whole world! To South America, to Central America and to North America.

The Spanish took the West Coast. The French Catholic King took the huge Louisiana Territory and only the East Coast was left for the poor Protestant nations of Holland and England.

Jews, Protestants, Atheists and Agnostics would one day fall under the Holy Inquisition. The future was a Catholic universe. The Holy power of Rome would take the New World and

then Asia and, eventually, Mars, Jupiter, Alpha Centauri and even the Buddha's Nirvana. Hell they didn't need to conquer. They already had Hell.

And so the fairyland of the Holy Roman Empire rolled on through totalitarian futures of misery and torment. An infinite number of souls cleansed by suffering.
And then something changed history. The Republic came back.

The English Civil War showed Europe that the power belonged to the people, not to kings and popes.

William the First in 1066 was Rome's man but, centuries later, William the Third was the Protestants' man who granted the English Bill of Rights (1689) and became a hero to the Protestant Irish and a villain to the Catholic Irish. King Billy of Orange.

Suddenly, or so it seems, The Republic was back! The Republic reborn! The one thing that could stop Rome in its tracks was Rome itself in the form of the Democratic Republic. It took a little bit of revolution, and then another revolution, and then another. North America, then France and then the Napoleonic turnings of the world upside down.

In other parts of the world the Gods and the Fairies and the Monsters fought with the revolutionaries of Asia and Africa and Mongolia. The war for our hearts and minds is universal. Eventually propagandists and Madison Avenue advertisers were working with Hollywood script writers and parties of red and blue and of whatever stripe or banner in bizarre belief that they could use fantasy to teach us the meaning of life which, they would openly admit, they did not know.

Soul music gives us some meaningful phrases to think about. "Ball of Confusion" and "Chain of Fools" for instance.

After many years, minutes, hours, centuries of subjective time the cartographers of Hell have every bit of my mind, body and feelings stretched out and painted with arcane designs. A camera crew from an alternative Hell dimension record the entire process as part of a franchise.

Scenes from history flicker erratically around us.

Briefly we are surrounded by the slaughtered bodies of Huguenots on Saint Bartholomew's Day. This augmented reality is then replaced by other scenes of slaughter, torture and misery. Aliens are advised to keep their distance from this planet until some time in the future when we have evolved into an intelligent species.

I am Mister Bones. I am Mister Guts. I am Mister Blood. I am Mister Brain. I am Mister Eyes. I am Mister Ease. I am the vision of 78 Gods. I am the Green Man, the Dark Man, The Night Man, The Old Man. I am the spirit in the gallery of memories and dreams and nightmares and waking. I know nothing. On the other hand, though, I know NOTHING.

NOTHING is the space through which everything communicates with everything else. There must always be a space. Energy is always incomplete.